

# INTEGRITY

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25¢



*Cause of our joy*

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# Cause of our joy

ONE of the loveliest titles of the Mother of God is Our Lady, *Cause of our joy*. It is a title especially appropriate for Christians, and particularly suitable for an issue marking the close of the Marian year; for it is a title that says to us: "Mary gave us Christ; Mary brought forth the Son of God." It expresses in a simple phrase her dignity, her mission, and our reaction to it. *Cause of our joy!* We acknowledge our debt to her. She is our link with eternal joy; for in Bethlehem she gave us God and now gives us to God.

*Cause of our joy!*—always, but especially so at Christmas time. For Christmas is the feast above all that swoops up all human joy—the joy of the family, the joy of the home, the sweet pleasure of well-remembered friends, the hidden happinesses of life, the big ones, and the little trifling ones that we mention hesitantly in shame-faced sentimentality. Christmas swoops up all these human joys and sanctifies them in one Joy: Christ. God made man—rejoice! And Mary is mistress of the feast. She mothers the Church in this season as she mothered Christ when she brought Him forth. She cares for us, she treasures us, as she cared for Him; for we are the Church, indeed we are her Christ—her Christ continuing His life through the ages.

*Cause of our joy!* A title that can be easily misinterpreted or interpreted in a superficial way. Joy at Christmas can be quite emotional. One's spiritual inebriation—helped on by good food and cheer and nice presents—can be eminently satisfying. This isn't heaven yet, one knows. But it is a comfortable place to be in, especially at Christmas time. So feels the contented Christian.

But sorrows do not end at Christmas, and Mary is *Cause of our joy* not only for those who are carefree but also for those who know bitter woe. And Christmas is the time which not only etches happiness more sharply but also cuts sorrow more deeply into the heart. The young expectant mother whose husband died two months ago, the old expellee who knows he will never see his native village again, the aged woman who has survived all her



family, the man who has lost his job, the girl who looks in vain for love—Christmas increases their sorrows. Somehow or other it is a poignant reminder not only of the joys they have known, but also of the infinite joy for which they long.

What help is Mary to them. For them what meaning has her title, *Cause of our joy*? Very little if by it they envisage a ready glow of happiness, or even the felt realization of her presence, her comfort. To some of course she does give that. There can be the consoling thrill of her love, her strength come out to help their weakness, to conquer their sorrow. But whether she gives this evident aid does not matter.

For Our Lady is *Cause of our joy* because she is Our Lady of *faith*. Christmas is the feast of faith, and what Mary has to teach us is a lesson of faith. "Believe this is Christ," she says. "Believe this is God, a Baby born in a manger. Believe this is your Savior, believe in His mercy, believe in His love. Believe that He dies to save you, believe that He longs to make you happy in heaven. Believe . . .

"Believe. Look at me and see not only the value of faith but the reward of faith; for I believed the message of an angel and brought forth the Son of God. I believed even when I understood not the word He spoke unto me, and He has exalted me to the queenship of heaven. I believed even amidst the failure of Calvary and the darkness that covered the land, and in faith I helped Him redeem the world and bring light to the ends of the earth."

Mary—*Cause of our joy* in the darkness of faith. From her best-loved children, it seems, she asks the most ardent faith and proportions the darkness God permits them to the brilliance of their faith. She supports them and shields them so that the light of their faith is not lost in the darkness, nor is it extinguished by storm or fury. But she does not lessen the darkness; neither need she calm the storm. They must live in faith as she lived in faith.

THE faces of the sick at Lourdes—the faces of the hundreds and hundreds in pain—on them is the look of faith. Mary is truly the cause of their joy. They and all their fellow pilgrims live their days in Lourdes in recognition of the one fact: Mary brought forth Christ. Away from Lourdes perhaps the thought of miracles there predominates, but at the shrine itself—dare one say it?—it is almost forgotten. Only faith matters. At the end of the evening

procession all the national groups, which in their own tongue have separately sung Mary's praises, converge together. Now there is only one voice: *Credo in unum Deum*. Faith.

She is cause of their joy indeed, as she was for Bernadette the source of joy. But to Bernadette she said, "I do not promise to make you happy in this life but only in the next." A promise of everlasting joy, true; but deferred joy. Yet in a certain sense joy already here. For in the seed of faith is already the flower of faith, the joy of faith.

Mary's shrine at Lourdes is in a valley of the Pyrenees, but to gain perspective it is good to ascend one of the mountain peaks, the Pic du Jer. For faith has little baggage, but devotion it seems is loaded with impedimenta. For some people at Lourdes the impedimenta of devotion obscure the faith from view. But up on top Pic du Jer everything goes into its proper place. For the little Coney Islandish religious shops are imperceptible; to one's bodily eyes the only thing visible down in the valley is Our Lady's basilica. And with the eyes of the soul one sees only the object of faith. Here is the lofty view of faith. All else is forgotten.

The Mother of God will increase our faith, if that is what we ask her for. For in our heart of hearts we know that life is only a little while and feeling will betray us. We'll be thankful to feel passing joy, but above all we want lasting joy. To attain to that we must live by faith and cling to faith.

For presently life's little while will be over.

"In the morning we shall see His glory." Then we shall know the reward of those who believe even as Mary believed.

DOROTHY DOHEN

## Merry Christmas!

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## *Ballade of the Queen of Heaven*

The Son of God is playing in the street.  
She goes about her tasks and will not pry  
Too close into the ways of little feet,  
And when one day He hides Him from her eye  
She will go miles before she thinks to try  
If He be with her still. She will be brave,  
In fear and pain, of whom I testify,  
The queen that had her baby in a cave.

"They have no wine." She thinks it is not meet  
That they should suffer shame who cannot buy  
The symbols which their friends employ to greet  
The world of social men. He will comply  
With her sweet prayer. They will not sigh  
To change the form God to His image gave.  
She will not flinch when wounded man draws nigh,  
The queen that had her baby in a cave.

The Son of God is hanging in the heat;  
The blood upon her veil begins to dry;  
The holy heart will shortly cease to beat;  
He will not leave us lonely. John stands by.  
"Behold thy son . . . Behold thy mother." Why?  
O why is man so dear, so hard to save?  
But hell shall from her word in terror fly,  
The queen that had her baby in a cave.

### *Envoi*

Queen, they do well that praise you throned on high,  
The gleaming star above the ocean wave,  
But I would go about the world and cry  
The queen that had her baby in a cave.

J. E. P. BUTLER



# *How Our Lady Prayed*

by A. M. ROGUET, O.P.

*A translation of an article  
that originally appeared in  
Temoignages.*

WE frequently pray to the Holy Virgin Mary, and it is right that we should do so. But do we think often enough that she herself prayed and that her prayer should be our model? With us prayer is such an effort; we must overcome so many distractions, so many fleshly desires, from all of which Mary was exempt by her Immaculate Conception, that it is hard for us to believe that Mary really prayed. Nevertheless, if she did not encounter the same difficulties in her prayers that we do, it does not follow that she did not pray at all, or that her prayer was quite different from ours. With all her privileges Mary remained a creature, a humble servant, deeply impressed with a sense of God's grandeur; that should be enough to convince us that she prayed. Whatever lights she received, she lived in faith, she lived in hope; all was not given or shown to her at once, therefore she had to pray for the graces she needed.

However rich the gifts with which she was endowed, she was invested with such a sublime personal and maternal mission that prayer was indispensable to her. Besides, prayer is not only the expression of a need. If we were to reduce all prayer to a species of begging, we would eliminate the kind of prayer that is truly Christian, truly spiritual. St. Paul tells us that it is the Holy Spirit Who prays within us with "unspeakable groanings," that it is He Who calls out within us "Abba, Father!" Mary, fully possessed by the Holy Spirit from the first instant of her conception, growing in Him at each instant of her life, has therefore prayed more than

any other Christian, and her prayer has grown ceaselessly. If her purity suppressed every obstacle to prayer, it follows then that her prayer was the most constant, the fullest, the intensest possible. And so it should be of value to us to study it in order to conform, however imperfectly, our prayer to hers.

Before trying to penetrate into the inner life of Mary, let us not overlook the fact that Mary also practiced the traditional type of prayer, biblical and liturgical prayer.

**Biblical prayer.** The fullest utterance of Mary that has been preserved for us is the Magnificat. This prayer is certainly spontaneous, coming from the depths of her soul, yet it is couched in the formulas of the Old Testament. Its similarity with the Canticle of Anna and with Psalm CXII, in particular, is inescapable. More than any particular formula, what is traditional in the Magnificat is its messianic perspective, its accent on human solidarity: Mary is offering thanks, not only for herself, but for the mercy shown to the people of God.

The Magnificat alone would be enough to prove that Mary was thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures. There are further indications. Her reply to the angel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word," could easily be a citation of Psalm CXVIII, which is built up entirely on the notions of service and the word of God.

When Jesus congratulates His Mother, not for her carnal privileges, but because she "hears the word of God and keeps it," can we not feel that He is referring to her great fidelity to Sacred Scripture (although much else is also referred to)?

When St. Luke repeats several times that "Mary kept all these things in memory, reflecting upon them in her heart," is he not saying that Mary applied to the events she was privileged to witness, the same method of rumination and reinterpretation by which Israel had developed biblical revelation by casting new light on the "wonderful works" of God, in particular, those of Exodus?

Lastly, the following conclusion seems to me quite probable. Jesus was impregnated with the prayer of the psalms. He continually refers to them, either implicitly or explicitly. They are not merely proverbial phrases, a manner of speaking, but testify to a profound assimilation, for His references to them multiply as He gets closer to His death, at the Last Supper and on Calvary. Can we not suppose, since He never followed the teaching of the



rabbis, that He learned the psalms at His Mother's knee, and that His knowledge of them is to a large extent an inheritance from, and a reflection of, Mary's devotion to the psalms?

**Community life.** Mary obeyed all the laws of the Jewish religion, following carefully the usages of her time. Nothing would be more distorted than to represent her as a solitary, contemplative soul, cut off from the common religion. The gospel of the infancy shows her to us twice in the Temple. The first time was for the Presentation; despite the complete uselessness of such a purification, even purely external, she very humbly submits to the Law, going to the Temple forty days after the birth of Christ. Her second visit to the Temple is connected with the incident of the loss and finding of Jesus. We learn on this occasion that "the parents of Jesus went each year to Jerusalem, at the feast of the Pasch." We know what psalms were chanted by the pilgrims on the road to Jerusalem; they are our gradual psalms. Do we ever recall when reciting them (for example, in the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin) that their rhythms accompanied the annual pilgrimage of Mary and Joseph to the Holy City? Of Mary and Joseph, and then of Jesus Himself, for they brought Him with them when He was twelve years old? On that occasion they lost Him. But note that they did not realize their loss until after a day's journey, for they believed that He was with the rest of the caravan. This is a very revealing detail: the Holy Family was not closed in upon itself; it lived a community life that embraced others. Mary did not walk apart from the companions of her own age and condition, under the pretext of engaging in a more perfect or a more recollected prayer.

**Mary's interior life.** Can we go further now and speak of the intimate prayer life of Mary? However sketchy the indications contained in the gospel, they are rich in meaning when interpreted in terms of prayer.

If prayer is essentially a dialogue with God, can we not say, without forcing the meaning of the words, that the dialogue with God's messenger, in the scene of the Annunciation, also constitutes a prayer? The appearance of the angel troubles Mary, producing in her a sort of reverential fear; every prayer should begin with this kind of reverence, with a sort of trembling, which seizes us in the presence of the sacred. God, by the voice of the angel, reveals to Mary her vocation. After a question, which is not at all, as in

the case of Zachary under similar circumstances, the expression of a doubt, but a precaution of supernatural prudence, and which is answered by the angel, Mary bows her head, obeys, delivers herself up: this is the prayer of *disposibility*, of *abandonment*. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord" (notice the humility and detachment of this impersonal mode of expression), "be it done to me according to Thy word."

It is the prayer of *praise* and of *thanksgiving*, with its essential components—a sense of the divine grandeur, a sense of the creature's nothingness, and, bridging them, a sense of the divine mercy—that shines forth in the Magnificat.

Now let us repeat, in order to appreciate perfectly this incomparable hymn, that far from being an individualistic or sentimental act of thanksgiving, it is a prayer impregnated with biblical meaning, illumined by a knowledge of the economy of salvation revealed in prophetic promises, in which the one who utters the prayer is acutely conscious of her relationship to the people of God and of her solidarity with the whole of humanity that is to be saved.

The story of the Nativity reveals only one note on the spiritual attitude of Mary during this central episode of her destiny as Mother of God. At this moment her prayer is a prayer of meditative and contemplative faith. In a recollection that is both profound and tremendously active, Mary "kept all these in her memory, reflecting upon them in her heart."

**Prayer of astonishment.** The Presentation in the Temple contains many revelations which specially concern Mary. It says nothing about her personal reactions. The evangelist simply notes, linking Joseph to Mary, that "his mother and his father were struck with astonishment at the things that were said of him." Here is a type of prayer that we should carefully cultivate, and if we lack it, we should desire it and ask it of the Holy Spirit: the prayer of *astonishment*, the capacity to escape from routine, to discover anew each day the inexhaustible originality of God's dealings with us, of renewing ceaselessly our awe in the presence of what the psalms call the "wonderful works" of God.

The Finding in the Temple forbids us to imagine, as we are sometimes tempted to do, that the Virgin knew ahead of time all the future developments that theology would contribute to the doctrine of the Incarnation. Mary walks slowly along the path

of life in the darkness of faith. When Joseph and his wife find Jesus in the temple, it is as if by accident. They do not exclaim that they knew it all the time. No, "they were struck with astonishment," and Mary did not hold back a sorrowful reproach. Jesus' reply threw no light on the event for them: "They did not understand the word that he spoke to them." Nevertheless Mary does not resign herself to this lack of understanding; she seeks for light, patiently, humbly: "His mother kept all these things carefully in her heart." We may well believe that all the years that followed did not suffice to satisfy this thirst for enlightenment. Mary is our model for a prayer of *searching*, which seeks to assimilate always more perfectly the mysteries that elude us, plunging into them ever more and more with an obstinate fidelity.

**Prayer of faith.** The wedding feast at Cana shows us a very elevated type of prayer—a prayer that asks nothing, which consists only in *sympathizing* (in the strongest sense of that word) with the misery that surrounds us. As another Mary (likewise faithfully contemplative) will not say: "Cure my brother," but "He whom thou lovest is sick," or "Raise my brother from the dead," but "Lord, hadst thou been here, my brother would not have died," the Mother of Jesus did not say, "Provide wine for them," but simply, "They have no wine." Whether it is question of our own need, or that of our brothers, with whom we feel united, the best prayer is that which consists in asking nothing, but simply presenting the need to God. This prayer is so efficacious, it reposes so completely on a pure faith, that it is accompanied with the greatest confidence. Jesus may seem to refuse the miracle; Mary knows that she has been heard: "Whatever he bids you, do it."

In all these episodes we find Mary never demanding anything. Her prayer is never a begging, a "deal," a "threat," as our poor prayers so often are. Let us imitate the Apostles and ask of Mary, as they asked of Christ: "Teach us to pray." The prayer that she will teach us will always be a prayer of disposibility, of fidelity, of gratitude, of simple presence, in a word, of faith. That is the best, the most profound form of prayer, which will most surely touch the heart of God and will make Him always reply: "My child, thy faith has saved thee, go in peace."

**The celebrant.** The gospels seem to reveal nothing about Mary's prayer at the foot of the Cross. We do know that she "was



standing." Hence she was not only compassionating her Son or, to put it more exactly, she was associating herself not only with what was painful and violent in the passion, but also with what was voluntary and priestly in the sacrifice. She took the attitude of the celebrant. And if that was also the attitude of the other Mary and St. John, we know that only the prayer of Mary, because she was already saved, could co-operate in the work of Redemption; the others, however loving, however afflicted, were only witnesses, themselves awaiting the Redemption. Jesus calls her "Woman" for now His hour is come, that hour which had not yet arrived at Cana. Now is the separation complete; standing on the sidelines during the public life, Mary shares in the victory and the sacrifice of Calvary; she is the "Woman" whose seed is to crush the serpent. Her prayer at the foot of the Cross is a prayer of offering, of co-operation, which our prayer at Mass should emulate.

Jesus made her Mother of all His disciples, in the person of the one whom He loved, for that which makes a disciple and the Christian community is the same—charity. Not only does the disciple take her for his own, she becomes Mother and Mistress of prayer for the whole community, which is her Son.

**Mary and the Apostles.** After Calvary we encounter Mary only once more, awaiting with the Apostles the promised gift of the Holy Spirit: "And when they had entered the city, they ascended to the upper room, where they were staying. . . . All these were persevering unitedly in prayer, with the women, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, and his brethren." This is, if I mistake not, the first time that we find the Apostles praying. They had admired the prayer of Jesus and had asked Him to "teach them to pray." However, the gospel never records that they prayed. It is precisely to their lack of prayer that Jesus attributes one of their failures in dealing with the Devil (Mt., xvii, 20). The only time when Jesus expressly requested them to pray, in the garden, they fell asleep. It could be said that Jesus gave them the example, the formula for prayer (the Our Father) and the command to pray without ceasing, but that it was Mary who taught them the practice of prayer, a prayer that was all the more efficacious because it manifested two essential qualities of every good prayer—unanimity and perseverance.

In the course of this retreat, presided over—with perfect discretion, no doubt—by Mary, the Apostles did more than pray.

They organized the apostolic college by filling the vacancy left by the defection of Judas. Mary then was present at this first vocation, this first ordination, wrought by the hierarchy after the departure of Jesus.

I suppose that Mary and the Apostles also talked together. Can we, without falling into vain conjectures, imagine what they said to each other?

**Mary had much to learn from the Apostles.** Since the wedding feast at Cana she had lived apart from her Son. Certain episodes in the gospels allow us to suspect how painful this separation was for her. What Christian can read the episode reported by St. Matthew without a pang of sorrow. Jesus is speaking to the crowd; His Mother and His brethren remain outside, seeking to speak with Him. According to St. Mark and St. Luke, they stayed outside because the crowd around Jesus was like an impenetrable wall. But word passed from mouth to mouth: "And it was told him, 'Thy mother and thy brethren are standing outside, wishing to see thee.'" But Jesus does not stir; He acts as if He did not know this Mother and these brethren. According to St. Mark, He replies by saying to them: "'Who are my mother and my brethren?' And looking round on those who sat about him, he said, 'Behold my mother and my brethren!'"

Thus Mary kept herself apart from the public life of Jesus, at least until she rejoined Him on Calvary. Meanwhile she had only indirect echoes of His activities. Certainly she must have been most anxious to know precisely, through the Apostles, the discourses, the parables, the deeds of which they had been the immediate witnesses. We can even think that this was the first chance they had to recall their memories, to put them in order, to sketch the catechesis of the public life of Christ which would serve as an outline of the synoptic gospels. Thus we see Mary favoring the flowering of the gospel.

What Mary learned from the Apostles was slight in comparison with what they learned from her. She had much to tell them of events long past: all the infancy of Jesus, and before that, the wonders of the Annunciation and the Visitation. All the striking events that had caused wonder in the minds of Joseph, Elizabeth, Zachary, the shepherds and the wise men, Simeon and Anna, the doctors of the Temple, had fallen into oblivion. We know that, at the start of the public life of Jesus, it was thought that He had

been born at Nazareth, the son of Joseph, a common workman. In teaching these facts to the Apostles Mary enlightened their faith and strengthened their conviction that Jesus is Lord, that He is the Son of God and the Messiah foretold by the prophets. Christ would never have felicitated Peter so heartily for having confessed His divinity, if Peter had already known the explicit message of the Angel Gabriel.

**Communication of love.** Above all, Mary gives the Apostles a striking example of an attitude of meditative faith in the presence of these mysteries. She has to admit that very often she did not understand what took place or penetrate the meaning of what her Son said. Nevertheless she kept these things in her heart and meditated upon them assiduously. All the events with which they were associated, the discourses they had listened to, likewise at the time escaped their comprehension. It is Mary who teaches them how to meditate on all these things, it is she who impresses them with that contemplative spirit that they were so lacking and which would be henceforth the indispensable source of their apostolic preaching, their proclamation of the wonderful works of God.

In all this Mary is closely linked with the Holy Spirit, Whose action she imitates in preparing the soul for it. Like Mary the Holy Spirit is not a teacher. No one, not even the Holy Spirit, will add anything to the teachings of Jesus. Jesus is the Word, the Wisdom of the Father, the Teacher, the Master. There is not and there never shall be any gospel but the gospel of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless the Apostles did not fully penetrate nor completely assimilate all this teaching. For this they needed the persuasive and the fertilizing action of the Holy Spirit, which is not, properly speaking, a type of teaching, but rather the communication of a love, the arousing of a sympathy, of an intuitive communion which is the result of love. Such action of the Holy Spirit is properly feminine and maternal.

Add to this that Mary is the Spouse of the Holy Spirit. Already her Immaculate Conception gave her an intimacy with the Three Divine Persons comparable (and probably superior) to that of Eve in Paradise before sin. It is especially at the moment of the Annunciation, according to the word of Gabriel, that the "Holy Spirit will come upon you and the Power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore, the child that shall be born of you,



shall be holy and shall be called the Son of God." Mary is, as she awaits the coming of the Holy Spirit together with the Apostles, the "spiritual vessel," a being filled with the Holy Spirit.

**The absence of Jesus.** There is one other factor which allows us to see how Mary, as it were, drew the Holy Spirit on the Apostles and played a leading role in the mystery of Pentecost. Jesus had told His Apostles: "If I do not go, the Paraclete will not come to you." The coming of the Holy Spirit is therefore linked with the absence of Jesus. A "spiritual" religion demands carnal detachment, even when it is a question of the carnal presence of Jesus. Now who better than Mary could help the Apostles to penetrate into this mystery of love and of presence at the price of absence, she who had lived so profoundly with Jesus, with the Spirit of Jesus, in the absence of Jesus. To such an extent that the glorification of Jesus, which began on the Cross, is consummated at the Resurrection and shines forth at Pentecost has, as it were, demanded that He deprive Himself of His Mother and that she be deprived of Him. "Woman, behold thy son.—Behold thy mother."

Now the Spirit can come; as He came once before to engender Jesus in His Mother, now He comes to bring forth the Body of Christ, His Church. Pentecost is the counterpart and the consummation of the Annunciation. Mary is there for both events and we can well believe that her Fiat was as necessary at Pentecost as at the Annunciation.

**Mary and the Church.** Sacred Scripture speaks no more about Mary. She disappears, as the figure of the Church disappears before the reality. Mary is a figure of the Church. Now that the Church is born, is visibly existing, Mary seems to vanish. She will reappear once more in the New Testament when the Apocalypse will show us: "A great wonder appeared in heaven: a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." But if we recognize Mary in the glorious Woman, the continuation of the text, which shows her to us in the pains of childbirth and as the target for the dragon's attacks suggests that here again she is being identified with the Church. The end of Mary's story, revealed in the dogma of her Assumption, likewise confirms the identity of Mary and the Church. It is the Body of Christ, it is His flesh, which triumphs in heaven, while awaiting and preparing for the triumph of the

elect, which will consummate the mystery of Easter and Pentecost.

Mary prays always; she prays for us in heaven. This is not the place in which to analyze the objects or the effects of this prayer. We can however note that the dogma of the Assumption guarantees a unique privilege to Mary's prayer for men; since she is bodily present in heaven, her maternity and her intercession in glory preserve a concrete character, a human tenderness, which the prayer of no other saint could possess. We have perfect confidence that Mary not only actually hears our prayers: she joins in them, she prays with us. With the Holy Spirit, of Whose action she is the herald and the usher, she prays in us.

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*"Just never had the heart to tell Edwin the truth about Christmas."*

# Conversion of the Nations

by GEORGE H. TAVARD, A.A.

*A valuable and rather unusual meditation for Advent. Father Tavard treats of the Church's role in preparing for the second coming of Christ.*

ADVENT is the liturgical season going from the end of the period after Pentecost to Christmastide. It is the beginning of the liturgical year, when we celebrate the coming of the One Who was "in the beginning." Yet Christ is both the "beginning and the end," the "first and the last." This is why Advent also evokes His return at the end of the world. When we prepare ourselves for Christmas we accordingly expect the last day of the present world. Or if we don't, then we give the lie to the words of the Creed: "And He shall come again with glory to judge the living and the dead; and His kingdom shall have no end. . . . And I await the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

**Christ will return for judgment.** By the power of the Holy Spirit the dead bodies will rise to life. No better illustration of this may be found than the episode of the Transfiguration. Moses and Elias—representing the Law and the Prophets of the Old Testament—are transfigured by the first coming of Christ. The end of the world will imply a similar happening: the Church of the New Testament will then be transfigured by the second coming of Christ. Let us not therefore imagine the end of the world in terms only of "fire and brimstone." For it will also be joy: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him who hears say, Come. And let him who is thirsty come, let him who desires take the water of life without price. . . . He who testifies to these things says, Surely I am coming soon. Amen, come, Lord Jesus." It is true that St. Matthew warns, "When you see all these things,



you know that he is near, at the very gates." Since the things in question—the fall of Jerusalem—took place in 70 A.D., it means that ever since that time Christ has been "at the very gates," whispering heart to heart, "Lo, I stand at the gate and I knock." The terrifying description of the Gospel of St. Matthew is not an omen of doom but a token of friendship.

Jesus will come as a judge, but only those who have made their choice can be judged, for the others have nothing to be judged upon. The coming of Jesus will thus affix a seal to our own attitude, of conversion or of refusal. Just as the Incarnation introduced salvation, likewise the Day of Judgment will complete conversion or (as we decide) damnation.

**Sacramental life.** Conversion is therefore the personal aspect of the second Advent of Christ, its anticipated echo in our conscience. On man's part Advent is conversion, and the time for conversion is *now*. We do not have to wait till our resurrection in the flesh at the end of the world to respond to Christ. For now we already experience His return in the two poles of the spiritual life, the Sacraments and non-sacramental graces.

This is clear enough for the Sacraments. They imply, with a progressive encounter with the Persons of the Blessed Trinity, a sharing in Their life. In Baptism we take part in the first coming of Christ; in Confirmation we participate in the coming of the Holy Ghost; and the other Sacraments deepen that twofold association to Christ and to the Spirit. Sacramental life is therefore basically "adventist"; focused upon the Eucharist it "announces the death of the Lord until he come." The Eucharist in fact provides the best embodiment of the spirit of Advent. To offer the Eucharist is to offer the past in view of the future, to make the events of Golgotha symbolic of the events at the end of the world. By drinking from the life flowing from the open side of the Lord on Calvary, it prepares for the heavenly banquet.

Thus the life of a Christian and the entire existence of the Church appear, through the Eucharist, as that span of time which joins the death and resurrection of Christ to the disappearance and restoration of the world. When we offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice we enshrine our present existence in its authentic framework, between the first and the second coming of the Lord. Since a sacrifice consists in making something holy by consecrating it to God, the Mass is a cosmic sacrifice wherein the Church is made holy;

for she is entirely dependent on the death of Christ and completely looking forward to His arrival. Memorializing the past and heralding the future is the essence of the Eucharist, and therefore of the Church.

All our spiritual life ought to take on an "adventist" coloring. To receive God, to be faithful to what is called His inspirations, does not mean at all a sort of private grabbing of God for our very private use. It means converting ourselves to the Holy Ghost by receiving Him: conversion to Him because He comes to us.

This aspect of the life of the Church throws light on history.

**Now is the fullness of time.** The present phase of history is the intermediate period that separates the fullness of time (or the first coming of Christ) from the consummation of time (or second coming of Christ). But something else must be added. As viewed in the light of Advent, history means that *now* is the fullness of time and *now* the consummation of time. Through the Sacraments Christ is *still* with us: now is the fullness of time; through them He is *already* here: now is the consummation of time. We cannot say "tomorrow at Mass" or "on Christmas Day" eternity will enter our life. We must say "at every minute"—since every minute is enhanced by the remembrance and the expectation of Christ; "every hour of the day"—since every hour is liturgically connected with the Mass; "and every day"—since every day the sacrifice is offered, paradise is regained. Because Christ is ever present complacency has no excuse; now is time for action, now is also time for contemplation. This is the meaning of history: each single moment, every single moment, has universal value because the God-man is present in it. Correspondingly, every man has universal value. Each one's conversion to the Advent of Christ is also the *conversion of the nations*: Christianity is not a system of individualistic devotions, but a community life, a life in common. When we expect Christmas and hope in the second coming of Christ, we do so as representatives of what the Bible calls "the nations."

**What are "the nations"?** In the first place, they are not the countries of the world, the states or the various lands with specific governments. The word "nation" has a biblical meaning which is not to be confused with the modern sense of the expression. The modern sense of "nation" is recent. It was hardly known in the Middle Ages, when the nations were not opposed

one to another, but were complementary groups within the commonwealth of Christendom. Yet the biblical meaning is different from the medieval: the "nations" are what the Hebrews called the *goyim*, the aliens. They are the non-Hebrews, the non-Jews, those who do not belong to Israel, the groups that were not chosen by God as His people.

This notion is of the utmost importance, for the idea of "choice" provides one of the keys that opens the Old Testament. God passed a covenant with Abraham because He chose him from among all the peoples of the earth. Throughout the centuries this alliance was handed down from patriarch to patriarch, from king to king, from prophet to prophet, according to the free choice of God Who selected heirs to the covenant. That is what Pascal had in mind when he jotted down, "Not the God of philosophers, but the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob": He is the God Who successively selected Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In the New Testament likewise the genealogies of Christ only purport to list the main links in the long chain of the covenant tradition which ended in Jesus Christ in Whom God's choice became final. God's actions do not belong to the field of a rationalistic deism. They transcend our logic. They are free choices. In Christ however, because He is the ultimate choice, the idea of alliance, covenant or election acquires full meaning. For when God chose Jesus, He abolished the separation of "Greek and Jew" (here, Greek means "Non-Jew," Gentile). The final choice has now been declared. Henceforward God reaches, in Christ, both the chosen and the left aside, both Israel and the heathen. All of them, the old Israel, the Jews, and the former heathen, the nations, are elected in Christ. They constitute one spiritual Israel, "Israel according to the Spirit."

The extraordinary thing, the news that must have staggered the Jewish mind of the first disciples, was that the "nations" did receive Christ. The non-chosen turned themselves, converted themselves to the Messiah.

**The Magi from the East.** A preview of this conversion of the nations had been given in the episode of the Magi. "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of King Herod, Magi from the East came to Jerusalem saying, Where is he who has been born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East and we have come to worship him." This shows the difference between the election of the Jews and the coming of Christ to



the nations. Jesus is born King of the Jews; whether they believe in Him or not, He is their king; whereas the nations—the Magi, who were aliens to Israel—have to make a long journey before they may worship Him. For the nations Advent means traveling far from a country that is not the chosen land, from a life that is not in keeping with the promises of God. The long pilgrimage of the chosen people, from Ur in Chaldea which Abraham left, to Palestine, thence to Egypt and back to Palestine through the wilderness, thence to Babylon and back: all that educational experience which lasted for centuries has to be jammed by the nations into one total turning to Christ, one unconditional surrender to God. We have to learn in a short time what it took the Hebrews centuries to grasp. We of the nations, of the heathen, have to journey to Bethlehem unceasingly, for we are constantly caught back by our native heathenism.

The wise men came from the East following a star. This is the vocation of those who come to Christ from the nations. They cannot convert themselves, accept Advent, like individual mystics in ivory towers. The star symbolizes the cosmos, and the Magi were the scholars of their time. Hence the people from the nations must convert themselves to the Advent of the Lord in common with all the cosmos, heavy-laden with the scholarship and techniques developed in paganism. The "nations" cannot afford to be just the "chosen people of God," which need not bother itself with things of the world simply because it lives in a theocracy and God can take care of the rest. Because the "nations" are not the chosen people, their conversion must help build a destiny for all mankind. Our conversion to the coming of Christ, far from being a purely individual action, implies responsibility for all the universe.

This responsibility lies at the root of the missionary nature of the Church and the corresponding duty of Christians.

**The missions.** It is obvious—though we are tempted to imagine the contrary—that the "missions" are not a discovery of modern Catholics. The greatest missionary endeavors do not even belong to the modern era. Monks of the sixth century converted Great Britain and a good part of Europe. The thirteenth century Franciscans who made their way from France to Mongolia in an attempt to convert continental Asia had vision to an amazing point. And the most outstanding feat of missionary work is not due to

present-day missionaries, but to the Spaniards of the sixteenth century who converted all South America in a few decades.

The Church has to be missionary, because if the function of Christ was to preach to the Jews ("I was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel"), the function of the Church is to preach to the non-Jews, to the nations. Accordingly the Church is neither Western nor Eastern, neither American nor European, neither Latin nor Greek, neither Mediterranean nor Nordic. She is universal, tied down to no single culture and no single way of life. The Advent of Christ is advent for all mankind without any difference of race or color or language. The gospel must be expressed with the resources of all civilizations.

**Announcing His coming.** One ought to avoid the vocabulary of "conquest" when we speak of missions. Missions do not consist in "winning" souls to Christ, but in announcing His coming. Christ's missionary program was twofold: first, to prepare for the Messiah ("The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, for he has appointed me to preach the good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to captives and recovering of sight to blind men, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, to proclaim the jubilee of the Lord"). Second, to preach His presence, to say that the first Advent is permanent and the second is anticipated ("Today this Scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing").

It is in the Church that this Scripture is nowadays fulfilled. She has therefore to be present, like Christ, in all strata of society, in all classes, groups and cultures; but she does not "conquer." To conquer is to overcome by force and force is the negation of the gospel. When we think in terms of conquest, we become aggressors and make non-Christians into adversaries. It is un-Christian to call "enemies of the faith" people who just happen never to have heard the Church's message as good tidings; men and women in whose life the Advent of Christ has not yet taken place. Instead of preparing them for Advent we treat them with contempt, like "the heathen and the publican"; and doing that we forget that in biblical parlance we ourselves—Christians from non-Jewish origin—are the heathen and the publican, the non-chosen for whose sake Christ has graciously transcended the dialectic of election and rejection. Slovenly language is a plague of the Church at a time when cheap journalism spreads slogans like weeds, for the misuse of words often reflects a misunderstanding of the Word.

**Apostolate everywhere.** The conversion of the nations is not only achieved in what is called the "foreign missions" (going to lands that are supposed—according to what standards?—to be uncivilized), but moreover in the apostolate in general. "Apostolate" means "mission." To be an apostle is to have received a mission. It is not a specialization, a task for minutely trained workers with whom we keep in touch by sending them an occasional dollar or saying a prayer once in a while for "the poor missionaries among the savages." The conversion of the nations has to be achieved here and now, and the savages are where we ourselves are. Advent is a concrete happening wherever we may be, and we have to prepare for it, expect it, welcome it. We must convert to Christ what is still pagan in and around us; then Christ will convert Himself to us. "Return to me," the prophet Zechariah preached, "and I will return to you."

If the conversion of the nations is the conversion of the non-Jews, if the mission of the Church is to convert the pagans, what about the Jews who are living among us? The answer of St. Paul is clear: the mission of Christ will be over when Israel has been converted and it will then be time for the second Advent. Yet out of mercy for us heathen, for us of the nations, who were not partners in the covenant passed between God and Abraham, God has hardened the heart of part of Israel, just to give us time to convert ourselves to Christ. When all the heathen have received the message of Advent, then Israel will be fully converted and it will be the end.

**A fearful responsibility.** Jews among us have the mysterious role of pointing to the short time we still have to bring paganism to Christianity, of reminding Catholics that time will tell against them when the Day of Judgment arrives, for it will unveil all that could have been done and had not been attempted. Judaism should inspire us with veneration for the mystery of the ways of God and with anxiety lest Jews should fulfil their vocation of perpetuating fidelity to the old covenant and we should forego ours of announcing the Advent of the new. Hence the all too frequent anti-Semitism of some Catholics is a theological monstrosity located at the exact antipode of the true relationship between the Church and the Jews. It evidently indicates that such Catholics are still deeply rooted in the native paganism of Gentile-Christians. Their self-conversion to the Advent of Christ is a half-done job



which has not reached the full dimension of a "conversion of the nations."

**The second coming.** When the conversion of the nations has been achieved, then all Israel will be saved. Then the second coming of Christ will take place. We cannot guess how this will be staged, but interesting passages in the Fathers of the Church throw a grandiose if somewhat weird light upon that event.

"Then the Lord shall appear in the heavens like the lightning in an unspeakable glory. The angels and archangels will walk in front of His glory like flames of fire, like a river of seething fire. The cherubim will bow their heads and the seraphim will fly about, shouting, Rise up, all who are asleep, the Bridegroom is coming. Then the sepulchres will be opened and in the twinkling of an eye the nations will rise again and will see the holy beauty of the Bridegroom." (St. Ephrem.)

"When the Son of God shall come in glory and power and shall annihilate the impious and proud tyranny of the son of perdition through the manifestation of His presence and with a breath from His mouth, and when the heavenly spirits and the angelic servants of God shall accompany the Son of God and appear in front of Him, then the powers of the heavens will be shaken and the word will be fulfilled which says, Arise, eternal gates, and the King of Glory will enter. Where shall He enter, unless it be in the new eon and the new universe?" (Eusebius.)

If these flights of imagination do not appeal to us, we can listen to what St. John heard and has recorded in the Apocalypse: "Behold I am coming and my reward is with me, to repay everyone for what he has done. I am alpha and omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end." And we can answer with St. John, "Alleluia! For the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigns. Let us rejoice and exult and give Him the Glory, for the marriage of the Lamb has come and His Bride has made herself ready; it was granted her to be clothed with fine linen, bright and pure—and the fine linen is the righteous deeds of the saints."

THE DOWNSIDE REVIEW devotes an entire issue to a consideration by Father Gumpel, S.I., of the problem: UNBAPTIZED INFANTS, MAY THEY BE SAVED?

This essay, providing no easy answers but a detailed, theologically exact examination of the evidence, can be obtained by sending 60¢ to Downside Abbey, near Bath, England.

# Caryll Houselander

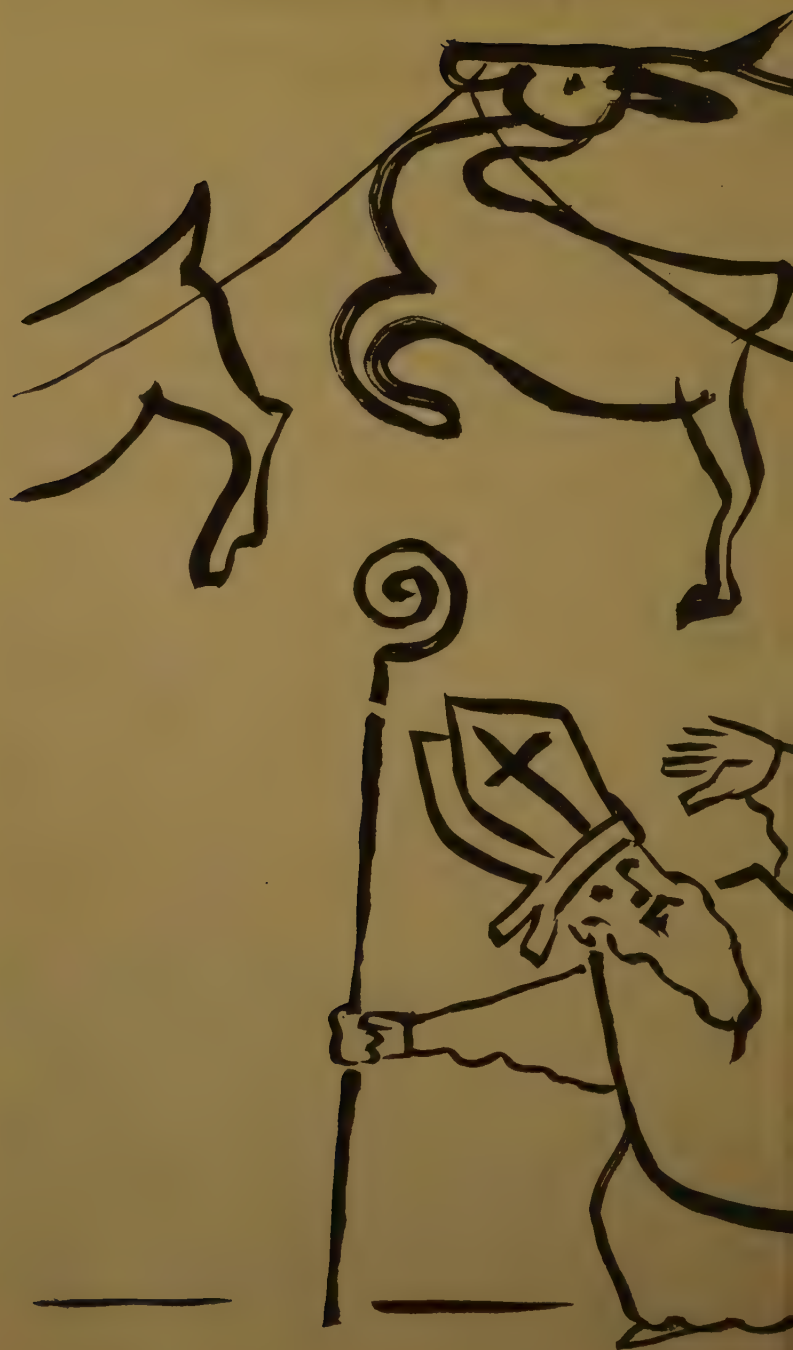
## *In memoriam*

*Our readers probably have heard of the death of Caryll Houselander on October 12, 1954. Known principally for her beautiful books, *The Reed of God* and *This War is The Passion*, Caryll Houselander contributed frequently to INTEGRITY, her most popular articles being one on mental suffering and another on children and creative activity. Her last published article in INTEGRITY, in the June 1954 issue, was on Mercy. When we heard of her death we thought of the words she wrote then:*

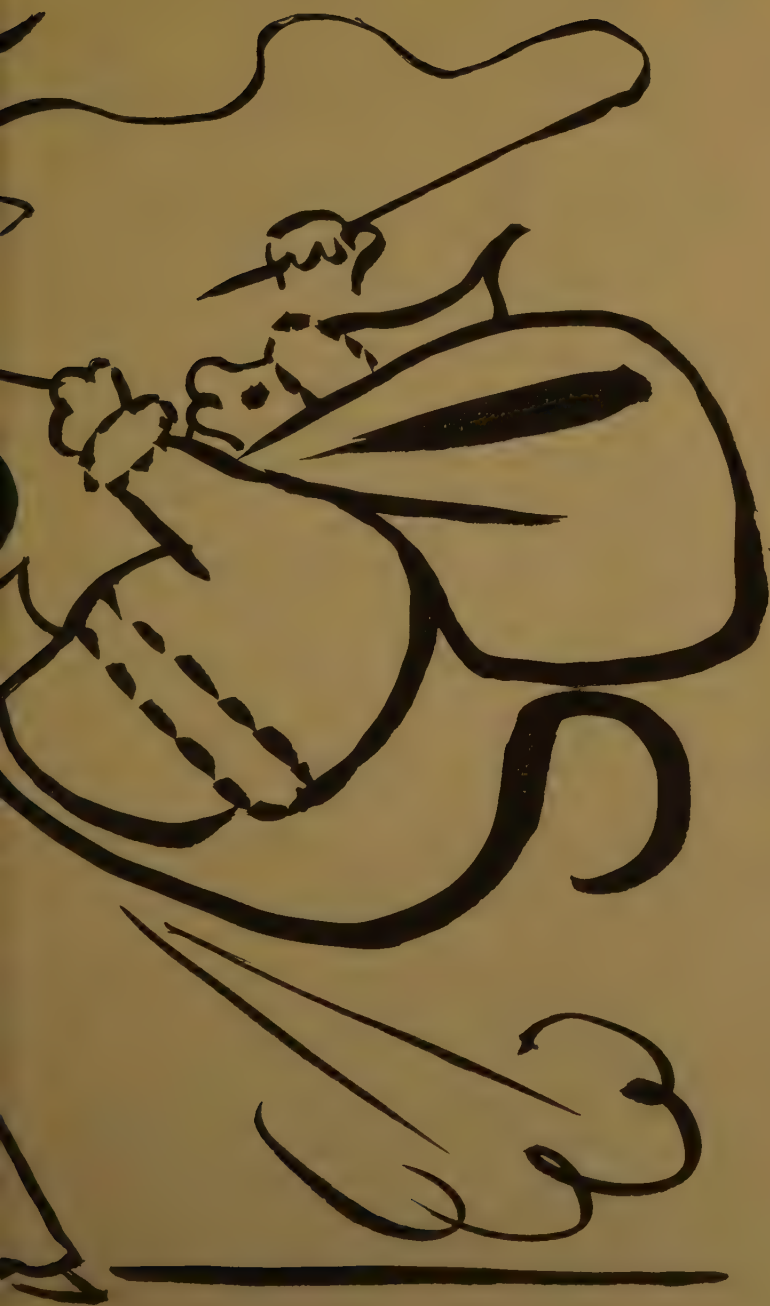
Perhaps the suffering that dogs most people all their life is the fear of death. Yet it is often in death that God's mercy is seen almost visibly. If to those who love God everything works out for the best, I am certain that they die at the time and in the way that is most merciful for them, that not one second of pain or sorrow is allowed by God that is not necessary to bring a man to ultimate happiness. . . . In the hour of death we shall love God not with our own hearts and minds, but with the heart and the mind and the will of Christ, and with His heart and mind we shall long to be with God.

"Into Thy Hands, O Lord . . .!" Christ's prayer is the key to peace, both in living and dying. "Into Thy hands not only my soul and my body, but the lives and the destinies of those whom I love on earth, and whom You, all merciful God, love infinitely more!"

Not into the hands of man, with his blindness, his pride and his folly can we trust our lives or our deaths, but into the hands of God Who is all powerful and all merciful, Who knows every fiber of our being, Who suffers all that we suffer, Who loves everyone whom we love, Whose mercy works all through our lives, and measures sorrow only in that exact measure that is to be balanced by endless joy.







# *The Holy Spirit and Mary*

by BISHOP J. M. GONZALEZ-ARBELAEZ

*Mary's relationship with the Holy Spirit is rarely written about; therefore we are happy to publish this excerpt from a retreat on Our Lady.*

**T**O be called to the apostolic dedication is to share in the vocation of Christ and Mary. It has been willed in Our Lord and in the Blessed Virgin. And if in answering it we make reserves, if we are lacking in some manner in this vocation, we mar the immense picture of the predestination of the world in Jesus and in Mary—the immense tableau of the glory that in them the world must render to God. We make part of this great portrait of Christ and of Our Lady. If we do not adorn our spot, a little bit of the gold will be missing.

An apostolic vocation is a call in Christ and in Mary. Since their response to this call is total, profound, continuous, it must be the same for us.

It is not a question for us of making desperate efforts, of willing impossible things. It is God Who does all in us, *Deus Caritas est*. We let ourselves be taken by the Holy Virgin in her contemplation, in her spirit of prayer.

The ways of God are not our ways. God builds His kingdom. We must let ourselves be conducted by His Holy Spirit. We will then be perfectly docile to Him, if we rest in the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The attitude of the Blessed Virgin was to let herself be moved by the Holy Spirit. Since the first moment the Holy Spirit took her, impregnated her completely. The Blessed Virgin did nothing but deliver herself totally to the action of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit performed in regard to Our Lady that which He performs in regard to all men in the Church. The Holy Spirit

must be for us the One with Whom we have the most familiar, the most habitual, the most cordial contact, since He is Love.

**Spirit of love.** The most Holy Trinity is, said St. Augustine, *Amans, Amatus, Amor*. God is plenitude. In knowing Himself He engenders His Word, so pure, so powerful, so vital that He has all the nature, all the being of the Heavenly Father. Seeing His Word, the Father loves Him with an immense love and the Son, knowing all that He receives from the Father, loves Him with an identical love. This bond of love, of tenderness, of sweetness is the Holy Spirit: the embrace of the Father and the Son, the dialogue of eternal charity between the Father and the Son.

Heaven will be the contemplation of God, to let oneself be absorbed in Him, to plunge into His light, His life, His commerce of infinite love.

If God created the world and if He desired that His Son would come into the world, this uniquely manifested His love, for He has need of nothing outside of Himself. He desired to manifest, to communicate His goodness, His richness.

Creation being only a manifestation of love, is the work of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit was poured forth in Mary during her whole life in the measure of the incomparable predilection that God bore for her. All that which is the Most Blessed Virgin is the work of the Holy Spirit. One does not know an artist without knowing his work. We will know the Holy Spirit better if we know His most magnificent masterpiece, the Most Blessed Virgin.

The Holy Spirit is charged with spreading the charity of God throughout the entire creation, of manifesting it in nature and a fortiori in the supernatural.

The Blessed Virgin only had to give herself up at each moment to the work of the Holy Spirit. What did He do in her?

We see that the work of the Incarnation was accomplished in Mary by the Holy Spirit. No creature has had a relationship as intimate with the Holy Spirit and as profound as the Most Blessed Virgin. She was given up in all her being to the Holy Spirit.

"That which is begotten in her is of the Holy Spirit."

"The Holy Spirit shall come upon you and the power of the Most High shall overshadow you; and therefore the Holy One to



be born of you shall be called the Son of God."

**Mary was taken in an immense action of the Holy Spirit.** She had only to accept it in a complete fidelity. She put herself entirely under His power.

The Holy Spirit took to Himself all the person of the Blessed Virgin, from the first instant of her conception and at the moment of the Incarnation, He raised up higher all her maternal potentiality, so that Mary's whole virginal and maternal being was in contact with divinity.

The Most Blessed Virgin was at this point thrust into the divinity since Jesus was in a real dependence on her: dependence of the one who gives on the One Who receives, and in this she had a true superiority in regard to her Divine Son: a maternal superiority—adorable mystery.

All this elevation was the work of the Holy Spirit.

The relations of the Holy Virgin with the Holy Spirit sum up all the relations of the Holy Spirit with humanity in the Old and New Testaments. In the Old Testament the Spirit was compared to the Breath of God, manifestation of the Life of God. The Breath of God penetrated the whole being of Mary.

The Spirit was also the Light of God, a Wisdom more brilliant than light. This Light poured over the vase of most pure crystal, which was the Virgin.

The Spirit is symbolized as a Dove. Spirit of tenderness, of fragrance, of concord, of sweetness. The Holy Virgin was all sweetness, all fragrance, all peace.

The Spirit of God is also the Spirit of power, of force. It is this Spirit Who saw to it that the Blessed Virgin surmounted all difficulties.

**The Holy Spirit is a Flame.** At Pentecost He descended in the form of tongues of fire. The Holy Virgin was full of the fire of the immense love of God.

The Holy Spirit is the Artist of God Who formed the most beautiful of creatures, the splendor of Mary.

The Spirit is the sweet smelling Lily which spreads its perfume in the soul of the Most Blessed Virgin.

The Spirit of Wisdom Who knows the profundities of God was communicated to the Holy Virgin so that she would know the mysteries of God.

The Spirit of Sanctity which we liken to God, to His Holi-

ness, which elevates us above all creatures of the earth, made of Our Lady His vase of election.

The Spirit of Prayer prays in us because we do not know how to pray. The Most Blessed Virgin was totally taken by the Holy Spirit in His prayer, and so harmoniously to Him that she did not know the extraordinary states which bear witness to a weakness of nature.

The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Love. This is His essential characteristic. "The charity of God was infused in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, who has been given to us." This is the Love which renders us like unto God, which unites us to Him, which elevates us to His realms. "He who dwells in charity lives in God and God in him." The Spirit of Love informed the Holy Virgin in an incomparable manner.

Receiving the Holy Spirit, the Blessed Virgin received all the gifts that were proportionate to her role as Mother of God. To be Mother of God is the highest function that we could think of. Mary touched divinity. In order to have an infinite Son it was necessary to be touched by the Infinite in all her being.

Mary had to receive also all the gifts which were accorded to the angels and to the saints. Mary, finally, Mother of Jesus, was the perfect model of her Divine Son. In her was put all the gifts, all the graces that Christ possessed. "Mary is not one out of all, but one above all," said St. Albert the Great.

In regard to all this the Most Blessed Virgin did nothing but be open, to receive with all her soul, without pride, without false humility.

**We must surrender.** We must not desire to know the action of God in ourselves, but very simply to enter into this action, to give ourselves up to it. It is enough for us to know that we are in the hands of the good God.

We must let ourselves be conducted by the Holy Spirit without knowing where He goes, without little calculations. He knows His plans very well. It is He Who takes us, Who desires to establish the kingdom of Christ.

We must not be petty before God; we must, rather, be nothing. And in this nothingness God will do all that He desires.

We give ourselves up to the Holy Spirit in the Most Blessed Virgin; thus we give glory to God not according to our measure but according to His measure.

# "Just Say Santa Claus"

A story by A. P. CAMPBELL



GEORGE FURFEY dropped the bag of onions he was tying up, leaned over the counter of his neighborhood store and snapped at his wife, who was leaning, placed and perfectly rounded against the ham of the door leading to their living quarters.

"Maybe you should have given him a *turkey* for Christmas along with all the other stuff." His voice was heavy with a common grade of sarcasm.

"Maybe I should of." His wife smiled with annoying sweetness.

"Look! Why do I have to keep on giving Sandy Grant groceries on credit? Might as well give the stuff away. I have to worry about keeping this store going; all you have to do is cook and wash and take care of the kids. No worry about how much I have on the books. Oh, yes, 'Give Sandy this; give Sandy that.' Working himself up, he imitated his wife's voice—a poor imitation, for George was not the type to be good at such things; all he had was the will.



"I know, George, but he is so old and lonely. He doesn't have much, and will pay you some of these days with his pension check."

George snorted. "You know what becomes of that," he said. "Down to Melancon's, to the bootlegger's for a skinful. You can look out nearly any day and see him in great form. Let him look out for himself as we have to do."

"Well, George," said Cecile, "I gave him that order when you were uptown and I didn't know just what to do. He is always so nice and polite and kind to the children. Besides it was for Christmas."

George bristled. He swept the onions he was weighing out onto the floor. He stamped out from behind the counter—a tall, furious man, towering over his wife. But she did not flinch; George had often fumed and bristled and Cecile had always smiled him down. He was so much fiercer to look at than he really was—six foot six, slim and spindly with a long neck and a pointed nose forming a handle to his sharp anxious face. Above the thin mouth and the rabbity teeth was a bit of black mustache. When most men wore a hat, George wore a cloth cap, square as a die, peak slightly pointed into the air when he walked along with his ramrod body reared back on its heels. But George was not formidable, for poor George was not very brave for a big man.

"You had no business giving him all that molasses, meat, potatoes and butter without asking me—and him with fifty dollars on the books now. I'm going over this evening and tell him a few things." George gathered up the onions. "Who does he think I am, Santa Claus?"

"Maybe you are, dear." Cecile smiled and went into the kitchen, leaving the argument to her brother Doug, who was always spending unprofitable weekends with them and was now lounging in the doorway. He spoke in a slow and gentle voice.

"Sandy is lonely, George, and he is old. That is one thing I learned in the war over in Europe: the old can be so lonely and wretched. A drink cheers him up . . ."

"Well, I get lonely, too. And half the time I'm here alone when the rest of the family are out to bingo and all that—spending money too."

"I know, but those old people were destitute." Doug frowned thoughtfully for a minute. "There was an old lady of about eighty

on a street corner in Naples, selling pencils . . ."

"She was sellin' them on credit, I suppose" said George bitingly. "Did you buy any?"

"No. But I gave her a couple of tins of bullybeef and some chocolate."

"Well, you had plenty of it. The army had all the food any way. No wonder the rest of us at home nearly starved."

Doug laughed silently, allowing his brother-in-law to work off his wrath. George had never forgiven himself for his failure to get into the army.

"The patience of these people," Doug continued. "The most pathetic thing I ever saw was an old man wheeling his dead son in a wheelbarrow—"

"You told that fifty times already," said George impatiently. "What did you give *him*?"

"Nothing, except maybe a prayer."

GEORGE waited on one or two customers and then kept up the argument with Doug. "It is all right for you to be lecturing me on charity; but the priest will tell you himself that you don't have to feed people who do like Sandy, waste and drink all they get. I guess the priest knows better than you."

"I'm sorry, George," said Doug placatingly "I did not mean to be too critical. I know that you are a good and charitable man."

"Oh, sure. Lay it on now. St. Paul said something about people like that. 'If he don't eat, don't let him work.' No, that's not it."

"You have it a bit twisted. 'If he won't work, let him not eat.'"

"Yes, that's it. What do you say to that?"

Doug was ready to give up the discussion; he merely said "Sandy is too old to work." He walked into the living room to read his magazine. The phone rang and George picked it up, pencil poised for an order.

"Furfey Grocery. Speakin'. Oh, yes, Leo. Uhuh. A drive, eh? The Knights, eh? Yes. Okay. I don't suppose there is much I have. Clothes, eh? Old stuff. Yes. Welfare Guild. Yes—I always do my share for the order. I'll find something to take in."

He put down the phone, pursed his thin lips, snorted and stamped his left foot mightily, lowering his head like a charging

bull. He was mad again. "Damn it all, they are always lookin' for something. That was Leo Murphy, from the Knights," he said to Cecile, who had come into the shop for some butter for the supper. "We are having a collection of clothes and food and money for the needy at Christmas. What does the government do for the poor at all? Give, give, give! Well, let Leo give; he has a good job. He'll get the credit for it anyway."

"Don't take on so about it," chided Cecile, "If there is anything we can give, we'll give it to the Guild, if there isn't, okay."

"Well, I suppose I can find something," George grumbled. "Gotta keep up my end, I guess. The K. of C. always does its share in these combined drives."

"You can have my old blue overcoat," said Doug.

"That's the only one you have. But we all can't be as careless about money and things as you are."

"No, I guess not," said Doug seriously. "I'd give you my last cent or take your last cent just as quick."

"I don't doubt that," George snapped.

THE next day George took Doug's old overcoat and his own old blue suit to the Guild. The suit was in good shape, with only a patch on the seat of the trousers. George in his new role assumed the charitable offensive, talking brotherly responsibility. "It's just like it says in the catechism. As ye would, says Christ, that men should do to ye, do ye in like manner. I couldn't let my old suit go to rot while some deserving poor man needs it. That's the size of it; that's Christian charity."

"That's right," said Doug looking up from his endless reading of Catholic radical magazines. "It says here that St. John Chrysostom said 'The coat that hangs in your closet belongs to your brother.' I wonder what would happen if people really took the saints seriously."

George was annoyed that Doug was agreeing with him, and even stealing his thunder. Out of long custom he had to reject Doug's dictum. "No, it is not a horrible thought at all. We are not all like the saints; somebody has to be practical." He felt that Doug did not respect the extent of his charity. He picked up the bundle he was taking to the Guild, hailed a taxi and asked to be taken to the Catholic Welfare Guild. The taxi driver, of course, knew where it was. He pulled up at a small building on a side



street. "There she is." George was dubious but took the driver on faith. A sign over the door said "Public Dispensary." George entered cautiously. "Is this where the Catholic Welfare Bureau collects stuff for the poor?" he asked of the squirrely little woman in the small office, who was furiously packing groceries into wooden hampers, assisted by a young man who was obviously the delivery boy. She looked at George sadly, but said in a sweet voice, "We collect for Catholics and Protestants—for all alike. Anything you leave with us will be wisely used."

George silently cursed the driver; he couldn't retreat now. "Well, ah, isn't there a Catholic place here where they are taking in stuff for the poor?"

"Yes. Right up the street. Second building up."

"Thanks. You see, I'm really taking these things in there for another party. Maybe I could give you something. Do you take money?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, indeed."

George took two dollars from his pocket and handed it over to the little squirrely one, who beamed and said "What's the name, please?"

"The name does not matter—just say Santa Claus."

At the Guild his gift was received with a casualness which made George feel rather cheated. The fat girl with the white necklace sitting behind the table gave him a slow, mournful stare as he put the bundle down and stated that it was for the poor, and added that it was to be credited to the Knights. Leo, who was busy on the phone, and who should have had a smile for George, nodded and told the girl to write down Furfey. In the back he could see two nuns working furiously, sorting clothes, packing groceries into wooden hampers and loading errands onto a harassed looking high school boy.

"Well, at any rate," he said to himself on the way home, "it will go to needy and deserving persons. They don't hand things out here, you bet, as if it grew on bushes." He was pleased with his charity.

That night at Midnight Mass George still felt the glow of the corporal works of mercy; he was full of the brotherly business of Christmas, of giving and greeting and going to church. He looked about wondering whether his suit had been given out yet, whether some poor man might not be wearing it now, right in the church.

ome old, perhaps a bit lame, decent man. And him going to Communion. It would be a kind of offering for George, to have the old man go up to the rail in his suit. Some neat, clean old fellow. George had once heard someone say "The poor can at least be clean" and since then the dirty ones had got little from him.

The organ played and the choir sang that most beautiful *Adeste Fideles* and George, who was a pious man, felt his eyes full of tears . . . he remembered his childhood, and the toys they asked for and didn't get and couldn't understand it, for other kids got what they asked for—and he had prayed. . . . It would be funny if the old fellow recognized the suit and came to thank him for it. . . . No. Don't think that way. Give freely. . . . The procession came slowly down the aisle; and then the bishop was slowly resting at the altar. George wondered impatiently why he could not have done it in the vestry and save the people the time it took. Finally the bishop was ready and at the altar, and George and Cecile and Doug and the neat old man in George's blue suit all melted down . . . "I will go unto the altar of God; to God who giveth joy to my youth."

It was three days after Christmas and business was yawning and stretching and coming back to life again. On his way home from the post office with two or three packages from the aunt who inevitably mailed late, George decided to pay Sandy a call and jog him up on the bill—in a nice sort of way. He had seen signs that Sandy had received his pension check. Frequent little jaunts down the road to Melancon's. He was jovial with the children and gracious with the ladies and you could hear his bantering voice coming from the shop of the fat old shoemaker who predicted war and disaster day in and day out.

Going to the door of the room that Sandy occupied in the old tenement, George rapped smartly. In a few moments the door was opened by Sandy himself, who smiled at George, motioning him in with a sweep of his extended arm, breaking into sudden roguish singing, "God bless ye, merry gentleman, let nothing ye dismay." George didn't have the air of a merry gentleman; the time for humor and songs was past. A man in Sandy's position took things altogether too lightly. Sandy closed the door, humming the Gaelic words of "The Nutbrown Maiden."

"Well, George," he said "A Merry Christmas to you. Or at least Season's Greetings, if it is too late for a Merry Christmas. . . ." I was thinking of going over to the shoemaker's to hear the bad news, but now that you are here, we can have a bit of a chat and I can offer you a cup of tea or something. The kettle is already on and the tea will be ready in a jiffy."

"No, no. I'm in a rush, man. I have to mind the shop," protested George; he felt that he could not accept tea from the man he had come to remind of a debt. But the two cups were set out and the tin of Carnation milk (*his* milk) was tilted over the cups, and his Salada tea was spooned out into the old teapot to the tune of the Nutbrown Maiden. Sandy gave him a wink. "You never enter a Scotsman's house at Christmas without having *something*. . . ."

"Saw you and the woman at Midnight Mass," he told George, over his cup of tea. "I was at the back. Roads slippery as hell."

George felt that he knew what had made the roads so slippery. "Good sermon," he said.

"I didn't hear much of it; was by the register and it was hot and I got sleepy."

Annoyance flared in George. Something had been vaguely tugging at the corners of his subconscious since he had come in, something that added to his direct annoyance. Something that did not become clear until the little old man leaned over to take the cigarette George half reluctantly offered him when he took one himself.

Then George saw with a shock what it was. There before his eyes. Not neat and pressed, but wrinkled and slightly beery, and twice too big for the little old frame was George's blue suit.

George was too mad to do or say anything. He just stared and swore to himself and bolted out of the house, offering some excuse about minding the shop. "Have a Happy New Year, George," said Sandy, as the irate merchant charged out. "I'll be over tomorrow and pay you off. Me son sent me some bit of money for Christmas. So long. Don't take any wooden nickels."

George stamped up the street, fuming to himself, ignoring the greeting of the Widow Calkings and the fat shoemaker bubbling with the latest bad news.

"Bloody stupid nuns! Catholic Welfare bureaus. I work my head off to keep a tramp who can't keep a suit clean a day and



wastes most of his money. It beats all hell. Nobody ever gives me anything. I could starve and nobody would give a damn.

He turned in at his gate and climbed the stoop, still grumbling. He took one last grim look down the road, where he could see Sandy making his cheerful way to the shoemaker's. George threw his head back like a seal about to balance a ball; he gave a sudden angry and futile snort. "It sure do beat all hell." He opened the living room door and called to his wife, "Come here, Cecile. Wait till you hear *this*. It sure beats all hell, this does."

## Book Reviews

### JESUS AND HIS TIMES

by Daniel-Rops  
Trans. by Ruby Millar  
Dutton, \$5.00

"Let it, then, be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ," says the author of the *Imitation*. In the beginning, and at every step along the way, the soul that wishes to make progress

in the spiritual life must try to get a more intimate acquaintance with Christ, Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. A deep personal love of Christ is the mark of a vital Christian. Such knowledge and love must be cultivated by assiduous attention to the details of Christ's life as He revealed Himself to us through the witnesses of His sojourn on earth.

Fortunately, many excellent lives of Christ are now available to American readers. Daniel-Rops' presentation is, in many ways, a most helpful one with which to start. His is not a scholarly purpose, yet he utilizes all the results of scholarship. He skillfully integrates the background information into the story, follows a clear-cut chronology, without digressing to justify his choices, adds, especially for the early years, certain details that are found in the Apochrypha, which have inspired well-known works of art. He illuminates many situations by reference to present-day events.

He has presented the doctrinal aspects of the Incarnation and Redemption in two special chapters: "Son of Man, Son of God," "A Sign That Shall be Spoken Against." Both are helpful, though the explanation of Christ's consciousness of His divinity (p. 335) is weak.

Catholic readers will find the scriptural quotations unfamiliar. Unfortunately, the translator has used the American Revised Version of the Protestant Bible; this may have been dictated by the publisher's purpose of appealing to Protestant readers, which coincides somewhat with the author's clearly eirenic intention. As far as we could determine, no text substantially distorts the meaning of the original.—J. V. CARROLL

What does Mary mean to you? After the impact of the flood of writings, sermons and lectures on the Mother of God, during this

Marian year, few Catholic will fall in with the old Protestant assertion that devotion to Mary is an obstacle to a direct relationship with Christ.

What then does she mean to you, to me personally? Is she a delightful appendage to our religion? A superabundant dividend produced by a kind of recklessness of divine prodigality? Do we turn to her when we fear God's justice, trusting that while the front door to happiness or salvation is closed to us she will let us in by the back window? What percentage of our devotion to Mary is taken up with petition for favors and how much in trying to imitate and be united with her?

In *Mary and the Modern Man* Father Burke and his collaborators (including Fathers Martindale and LaFarge) have produced a book about Mary that is addressed personally to the modern mind and is therefore very meaningful to any individual who reads it.

If we give consideration to the "stumbling block" objection and go direct to Christ for *His* point of view on Mary, what do we find? We have God creating a most perfect creature-image, then taking His own features from her and imitating her as He grew "in strength and in grace." All through Christ's life there was this intimate interchange with His mother and ultimately she was the perfect mirror of His basic ethical teachings. As Father LaFarge points out, the ethical content of her life is not something added to or subtracted from the ethical content of Christ.

Thus it is most essential to our own salvation that we imitate Mary. Father Burke describes the situation of many modern Catholics who suffer through a dull, monotonous job in which they see nothing of Christ and then rush out to spend the remaining hours of the day in vigorous Catholic action. They look on these outside, extracurricular activities as the real fulfillment of the fundamental call to be other Christs. These works may be very laudable but to concentrate on them as though they constitute the main area of one's vocation is to ignore God's will for our own. It is as though Mary, despising the monotonous chores of cooking and cleaning and dragging water from the well, had sought value in her life by alerting the neighbors to the presence of the Messiah. The modern Catholic must recognize that his whole life is of value in the life of Christ and that like Mary he can be a full and apostolic and vital Christian in the most humdrum work God chooses for him.

As individuals and as a nation we cannot afford to stop short of a full apprehension of Mary in our life. One can be saved without being an organic Catholic but certainly that is to limit the divinely intended effect not only of the Incarnation but also of the role of Mary. Let us hope that this challenging collection of studies is but the beginning of a series of attempts to see the relevance of Mary to our times.

—MARGARET A. HEIZMANN

**THE ROSARY IN ACTION**

by John S. Johnson

Herder, \$1.75

**MARY'S PART IN OUR REDEMPTION**

by Canon George D. Smith, D.D.

Kenedy, \$3.00

**THE LITANY OF LORETO**

by Richard Klaver, O.S.C.

Herder, \$3.75

*The Rosary in Action* should have wide and immediate popularity. In the first place it deals with one of the most popular devotions and one which all Catholics are convinced is dear to Our Lady. In the second place, it is very attrac-

tively priced. In the third place, it is written by a layman for laymen. Above all, for with all of these features it could still be just another of those pious dissertations that put their readers to sleep, it has an electrifying relevance for the contemporary Christian. The author disarms his readers from the very first page by his complete humility and engaging earnestness. He is one of them, their problems have been his, and he proceeds to explain methodically how he went about overcoming them. He has gathered together a great deal of information about the Rosary: its development, its history, its scriptural basis, and its spiritual potentialities. But he does not go into any of these matters until he has convinced the reader how important it was for him to know about them in order to master his own personal difficulties. Throughout the book he is unassuming, simple and direct; he keeps the common touch without becoming mediocre.

*Mary's Part in Our Redemption* is the revised edition of a solid treatise on the doctrine of Mary's role as co-redemptrice. In expounding the doctrine the author makes penetrating use of the double analogy between Adam and Christ, and Eve and Our Lady, demonstrating conclusively how effectively in each case the mesh of evil originated by the one was unravelled by the other. Tightly-knit and admirably documented with statements from the Holy See, the Patriarchs, and the Doctors of the Church, especially St. Thomas, this work rewards reading.

Although firmly grounded on Thomist theology, *The Litany of Loreto* transcends doctrine as poetry transcends prose. Based upon that inimitable poem that most of us know as the "Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary," it devotes a chapter to each invocation. The author has an illuminating way with words that turns them into penetrating shafts of light, as in the paradox which appears under the chapter "Holy Mother of God": "Thus, the mother exists because of the child, rather than that the child exists because of the mother." The sublime connotations evoked by such phrases as "Mystical Rose," "House of Gold," "Gate of Heaven," "Morning Star," would seem to present an almost insurmountable hazard, for their heady music and powerful imagery are enough to shatter rational speech. Father Klaver, however, not only travels these rarefied heights like one who knows his way about, but is able to take his readers with him and impart to them the benefit of his scholarly research and holy meditation.

—ELAINE MALLEY

**THE UNSEEN AND SILENT**  
Sheed & Ward, \$4.50

Among the histories of different European resistance movements during the Second World War, the

story of the Polish Underground is the one least known. Very few people realize that this splendid organization, the largest in Europe, was destroyed not by the German occupant, its principal enemy, but by Russia, "an ally of our Allies" as the Poles called the Soviet Union.

*The Unseen and Silent* is a story of the Polish Underground, told by paratroopers, officers of the Polish Home Army. These men, trained in England, were dropped into Poland, then under German occupation, to perform special tasks and fulfill special missions. They occupied a high place in the hierarchy of the Secret Polish State and their stories therefore give the American reader an excellent opportunity to get the facts about the Polish Underground and its fate from the best possible sources. The book describes their activities from the moment they started their training in England to the very end of their missions. As the reader follows the authors in their "unseen and silent" ways, he can hear the roar of planes taking off from distant English airfields and together with them he experiences the excitement of a strange and clandestine home-coming via the parachute. The book tells of a relentless fight with a cruel enemy, of love and hate, of life and death. The simple stories of these soldiers take the reader to the Polish forests—the guerilla strongholds—and present in a true light, perhaps for the first time, the life of a saboteur and undercover agent, and in short, acquaint us with the unknown and heroic story of Fighting Poland. The men who were there when all this happened, tell us of a struggle that has no equal. Paratrooper "Makary" describes how the Polish Underground wrestled from the Germans one of their most guarded secrets: the secret of V-1. This great victory of the Polish Underground supplied the Allies with vital information and saved the city of London. Others, survivors of German concentration camps, partisan campaigns, countless sabotage and diversion exploits, who lived through the hell of the Warsaw Uprising and had managed to withstand the Bolshevik "liberation," tell their stories as they happened, without tears or false pride, without any self-pity or personal complaints. They present a picture of a nation united, fighting for its life, and keeping faith with the Allies.

*The Unseen and Silent* bares the perfidy and treachery of the Soviet Union, cites examples of direct nazi-communist co-operation where the destruction of the Polish Underground was concerned. It tells of a fighting Catholic nation, which by a strange turn of events finds itself in the same camp with atheistic communism. The ruthless extermination of the Polish Home Army by the Bolsheviks, both during and after the war, should serve as a warning to the Free World. Fighting to the last bullet against the common foe, the Polish Underground was destroyed by a fellow-member of the United Nations, while the rest of the world looked silently on.

The authors of this magnificent book remain as anonymous in their



stories as they did during their "unseen and silent" assignments. The names which appear in the book are their code-names, the same pseudonyms which they used during their valiant service with the Polish Home Army. For the time being such names as "Dolina" (Valley) "Lobuz" (Scoundrel), "Sokol" (Falcon), and "Maruda" (Slowpoke) must suffice, for the book ends with the following words: "... we are deeply convinced that we shall return to a free Poland yet, and if necessary in the unseen and silent way."—MAREK RACZYNSKI

**SHRINES TO OUR LADY  
AROUND THE WORLD**  
by Zsolt Aradi  
Farrar, Straus & Young, \$5.00

Most appropriate for Christmas giving in the Marian year is this compilation of photographs and information on the innumerable places, both well and little known, where Mary is loved and venerated in a special way. It includes sections on Mary shrines in the Holy Land and the very ancient shrines of Europe, from the picture of the Nursing Mother in the Catacombs to Mary's place in the building of the great cathedrals. Chapters are devoted to each of the five continents (especially interesting is Asia's love for the Mother), with sections on Our Lady in Russia and her apparitions in the twentieth century.

This is an excellent book for the family both for its informative and devotional matter as well as for its lovely pictures which give a hint of the beauty of the Marian shrines which otherwise we might never know.

—CECELIA J. GREGORY

**THE SECRET OF THE ROSARY**  
by St. Louis De Montfort  
Montfort Fathers, \$2.50

Although this is another publication on the Rosary, a subject well-covered in these Marian times, nevertheless it is new and fresh despite the fact that it was written almost 250 years ago. It is a delightful, simple and inspiring book, perhaps the best available on the Rosary, for De Montfort fans who love his *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*.

The book covers the Rosary completely; what it is—its contents, value and meaning—and how to recite it. St. Louis illustrates profusely his chapters or "roses," as he calls them, with interesting little stories; many so amazing they seem like fairy tales. Few besides this saint can write with as much authority on the Rosary—he is called by the Church an "Extraordinary Preacher of the Rosary"—and his great enthusiasm and conviction of its tremendous value is catching.

This book is an excellent Christmas present for all, ourselves included. Our Lady has said "whosoever shall persevere in the devotion to the Holy Rosary, saying these prayers and meditations, shall be rewarded for it; I shall obtain for him full remission of the penalty and of the guilt of all his sins at the end of his life."—PETER FONDIS

**TWO STUDIES IN INTEGRITY**  
by Ethel Mannin  
Putnam, \$4.00

Ethel Mannin, who is probably best known in America by her novel, *Late Have I Loved Thee*, has written an excellent study of

two half-forgotten Anglo-Irish writers of the early nineteenth century, Gerald Griffin and the Reverend Francis Mahoney. Griffin won fame with the novel, *The Collegians*; Mahony was the brilliant and learned creator of "Father Prout." Neither, I would hasten to add, is of major importance in the world of letters. Yet Miss Mannin, with her novelist's gift and training, brings them back to life in a gracious and perceptive book.

Griffin's story is that of a man, simply good, of no great intellect or education, who, after heroic effort, achieved a popular success, only to abandon it for an early death in a monastery. When compared with Mahony's intellectual vigor, Griffin's sentimental constitution seems rather anaemic, yet his life was studded with acts that proclaim him nobly vertebrate. Before he was twenty he went from Limerick to London, where in half a dozen years he made himself famous in the publishing capital of the English-speaking world. The whole 800 pounds he got for *The Collegians* he gave to his economically irresponsible father. The day before he left for the monastery of the Christian Brothers he locked himself in his room and burned virtually all his manuscripts in the grate. When his chaste and chastely beloved Mrs. Fisher came to visit him at the monastery he refused to see her. Such things are not done by small men.

Francis Mahony, native of Cork, was greatly gifted and splendidly educated. The Jesuits were his teachers both in Ireland and on the continent. He had wished to be one of them but had no vocation, either to the Jesuits or to the secular priesthood. He managed to be ordained but after a very few years had ceased to function as a priest and had become one of the glamorous company that included Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray and other great of the period. His characteristic medium of expression was the transparent literary hoax. He created "Father Prout" to author his work and "Oliver Yorke" to edit the deceased "Father Prout." On this foundation he proceeded to erect a many-towered castle of wonderfulness if often malicious invention. He had the true intellectual's hatred of the shoddy and the phony, and in the rich literary growth of his time he must have done yeoman service in separating the wheat from the chaff. He fought hokum with hoax. He went after Tom Moore—created Greek, Latin and French "originals" of Moore's songs and then charged him with plagiarism, though crediting him with some virtue in *translation*. This kind of criticism might be called good clean fun, but there was a black-guard streak in Mahony which, on occasion, shocked even his not too fastidious contemporaries. He had that compulsive cruelty which is as native to the Irish character as is Griffin's generosity. The book as a whole is in some measure an exposition of that character.

Unlike Griffin, however, Mahony was a complex individual and the over-all picture seems to indicate that Miss Mannin is justified in bracket-

ng them as figures of integrity. Griffin's wholeness is beyond question but Mahony was also true to himself in his fashion. His very savagery was largely an expression of his hatred of fraud, and it is worthy of note that his noblest acquaintance forgave him his worst offenses. He was never a religious or moral apostate and ended his days in the arms of the Church.—J. E. P. BUTLER

**A PROGRAM FOR CONSERVATIVES**  
by Russell Kirk  
Regnery, \$4.00

Mr. Kirk is a man with something to say and the start of a program that is worth examination. Not

because he has any pet solutions is this so, but because he really has something to say to everybody.

In our times when key words are reduced to clichés, it is unfortunate that the program is for "conservatives," because many persons who think of themselves as "liberals" or "radicals" are really in basic agreement with the book. The radicals would be of the type who believe in "getting to the roots," which is really the basic meaning of the word "radical." No doubt "maladjusted" persons will be glad to find in Mr. Kirk another person who knows that that is not the worst possible condition. Adjustment is not the absolute supreme value. Here is the old "radical" position of not being "adjusted" to corruption. Mr. Kirk does point up the urgency of a profound and extensive spiritual renewal and social reorganization, two key aims of Catholic Action.

Further, the book is characterized by a continuous "why" concern, as against the escapist concern of scientism with only the "what" and "how." The author builds his analysis and program around ten key problems—Mind, Heart, Social Boredom, Community, Social Justice, Wants, Order, Power, Loyalty, Tradition. There is a good beginning bibliography on these problems. Some "liberals" would be glad to know that Mr. Kirk does not accept the solution of the usual "conservative" to the problem of community. Economic individualism can be an escape from real difficulties.

He does say that the private enterprise system is the only really practicable one worth defending. But he means one more in line with widely distributed property and decentralized standards, not the system in its tendency toward totalitarianism, state or private.

*A Program for Conservatives* is not superficial. While much of the discussion is on the level of the economic, social and political, there is a constant undercurrent and reference to the spiritual. Several remarks from other thinkers came to my mind as I read it. One by Archbishop Muench: "The times challenge us. The problems are critical and the tasks are great. We need saints more than statesmen."

This book is interesting, worthwhile reading for persons of all points of view.—JOSEPH A. CONNELL

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A  
CATHOLIC ANARCHIST**

**by Ammon Hennacy**

**Catholic Worker Books, \$3.00**

The title of this book, I'm afraid, will tend to discourage precisely those potential readers who would gain most from reading it. The original title of Ammon Hennacy's

life story carried the words "Christian Anarchist." He was a Christian in general terms, a non-church Christian. It was only when the work was in progress (on page 100 to be exact) that the conversion occurred that resulted in the arresting conjunction of "Catholic" with "Anarchist."

First of all, it seems necessary to clear away the road-block that the word "anarchism" sets up against many readers. Ammon Hennacy defines anarchism as "voluntary co-operation for good, with the right of secession." To buttress his position, he quotes approvingly the *Encyclopedia Britannica* definition of anarchism, as the substitution of voluntary associations of citizens for the modern state and its ever-growing governmental machinery. This definition is, of course, the one elaborated by Kropotkin, author of the *Britannica* article.

Historically, anarchism is tied to Rousseau's concept that man is naturally good, but is corrupted by the institutions of society. Hennacy held to this view, putting the blame for the corrupting process on government. "I had for most of my adult life," he states, "followed the philosophy of Rousseau to the effect that we were born perfect but were corrupted by society—that is by government mostly—and by organized religion."

Actually, his anarchism is not the doctrinaire anarchism of Bakunin nor is it the type of political anarchism which in such countries as Spain was so often tied to sporadic or even organized violence. The only authentic anarchist I had met before I met the Christian anarchists of the Catholic Worker group was a veteran of the Spanish Civil War—a man who, as a member of the Columnia Durruti, had joined with fellow anarchists in war and in the violent seizure of a factory in the Barcelona area. After the violence and the seizure, the Barcelona Anarchists were going to see that the factory was run by the workers.

What Hennacy means by anarchism is far from this practical use of anarchism, but rather personalism. He quotes Peter Maurin as saying "Sure, I am an anarchist; all thinking people are anarchists; but I prefer the name personalist." Thus the anarchism that Ammon Hennacy stresses is, in point of fact, the highest acceptance of responsibility by the individual, both alone and in voluntary groupings, and the exercise of free will as directed by the impulsion of conscience, not of any outside force.

Despite the fact that the author has accepted the doctrine of original sin to replace Rousseau's doctrine of original goodness that underlay all anarchist teaching, he still persists in the use of the word anarchist to describe his position.

This makes for something of philosophical and theological ambiguity. Certainly the Catholic Church has championed the maximum functioning of voluntary associations to meet human needs, and is unpopular among



any in the United States because she rejects the theory of the state as the sole educator of children. Large numbers of Catholics desire the least possible intervention of government in individual life, and deplore the terrible obedience and surrender of conscience to the state that characterizes our time. Yet precisely the doctrine of original sin would seem to make necessary some overall authority to curb the unruly for the sake of the common good.

This autobiography chronicles Ammon Hennacy's "Experiments with Truth" throughout a lifetime devoted in a very special and whole-souled way, to the relentless pursuit of truth. Though more self-conscious, and self-aware, it has many of the elements of Gandhi's story of his *Experiments with Truth*. Both accounts reveal inner-directed men, moving to their goals from inner compulsion rather than from the effect of forces outside themselves, whether of society or of government or of custom. Both men exhibit a purity of intention that leads them inexorably along the path of truth, and once having laid hold on a truth, they change their lives to accord with it. It is this "action step" to comply with the demands of a newly apprehended truth which especially marks the life story of Ammon Hennacy as it did that of Mahatma Gandhi.

Hennacy became convinced of the immorality of war as a socialist, and was sentenced to prison as a conscientious objector in World War I. In military confinement, he studied the Bible and pondered on the implications, for individuals and for society, of the Sermon on the Mount. He decided: "In my heart now after six months, I could love everybody but the warden, but if I could not love him, then the Sermon on the Mount meant nothing at all." He describes how he achieved compassion and love for the warden, a brutal man, as well as for the others of his jailors, and for his fellow prisoners—even the "rats and perverts" among them.

The end of all his meditations brought him closer to Christ. He continued to fight the world as a "one-man revolution," always taking as his own the cause of the abandoned, dispossessed, those among us whom society has failed most miserably. He lives close to migrant workers, to the Mexicans of New Mexico, and gives us details on the dehumanized system that makes so many people rootless in this rich land. One of the special qualities of this book is the massive accumulation of detail. His "Life at Hard Labor" gives us a close-up of those Western "factories in the field," where broccoli, or lettuce or other crops are cultivated and harvested. Always he lights up his daily work with stories of the human beings who work at his side, the Anglos, the Filipinos, the Indians, the German D.W.'s, the offscourings of our time and place. And in between his stops he continued to picket against war, against paying the taxes that made war and atom bombs possible.

In November 1953 the author was baptized Ammon St. John the Baptist Hennacy. The final chapter of this autobiography is a clear, humble and moving recapitulation of his former ideas and a confession of faith.—JEREM O'SULLIVAN-BARRA

**TOMORROW IS ALREADY HERE**

by Robert Jungk

Trans. by Marguerite Waldman

Simon &amp; Schuster, \$3.50

"America is striving to win... complete and absolute mastery of nature in all its aspects." This is the thesis of Mr. Jungk which he does not

argue. Rather he offers as evidence a case history which consists of some excellent descriptions of the technical aspects of our national life. Robert Jungk is a correspondent for some Swiss papers and has visited all the top-secret places in this country. He describes the atom-bomb site, our rocket and jet installations, air-medicine experiments, the erasing of towns for atom plants, Los Alamos and its captive personnel, technical farming and weather-making, punch card and electronic mind machines, and the industry directed scientists.

Without the idea that holds these reports together the book could be enjoyed as an interesting picture of areas in the United States with which the average citizen is hardly familiar.

The basic idea however is whether all these things taken together point to the development in our land of the iron-clad technical state. Another German, Juenger, a few years ago made a good case for the same idea though he was not talking particularly about America. Our own Marshall McLuhan says: "Today when power technology has taken over the entire global environment to be manipulated as the material of art, nature has disappeared with nature poetry."

And C. S. Lewis: "... what we call man's power over nature turns out to be a power exercised by some men over other men with nature as its instrument." There is no question but that the problem of nature used as "the material of art" with gradual encroachment upon human nature, is a grave question with answers in the future. The eternal vigilance of the spiritually minded is needed to cope with it.

Yet in this country the question is still open. Jungk's most cogent examples are those inspired by war and the fear of war. The experiments described in the chapter entitled "Poor Little Superman" are as much attributable to our care for lives as to an attempt to create a new species.

We have not yet lost our sense of humor which is a kind of humility. The very perfection of our scientists is offset by the bumbling imperfections of our system of government, against which we rail continually but which is actually a great force against the morality of conformism inherent in our scientific developments. I think the imperfections of our freedom make it a meet instrument for the providence of God.

In his last chapter Mr. Jungk points to the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, where men still meditate without machines. The last word in the book is "hope." This chapter does not go quite deep enough but it points the way to hope, along with faith and charity, to the still considerable spiritual wellsprings in this country. After all the man on horseback has been outgrown here and we are now only trying our wings.

—JOHN C. HICKS

**THE LIE ABOUT THE WEST**  
by Douglas Jerrold  
Sheed & Ward, \$1.75

In *The World and the West* Professor Toynbee argues that Western political and social institutions are no longer vitalized by the

Christian principles on which they were founded. A higher religion, a fusion of Christian and Indian beliefs, will replace Christianity; new institutions, based on this higher religion, will replace our Western institutions. Professor Toynbee's chief error is thus considering Christianity simply a cultural phenomenon, not something supernatural. The fate of Christianity is identified with the fate of the civilization based on Christianity.

Unfortunately, Mr. Jerrold's reply to Professor Toynbee, makes the same identification. "It is Christian belief," he says (p. 83), "and the institutions and the political philosophy which derive from this belief, which stands for ever as an obstacle to the realization of the tyrant's dream. . . ." From this he concludes (p. 23), "the basic institutions of our world, and the basic rights of all men which those institutions sustain . . . must at all costs, and if necessary at the cost of our own lives, be preserved."

Precisely how our institutions and political philosophy partake of the infallibility and guarantee of eternity given to the Church is beyond the knowledge of this reviewer. It is true that Christian belief is the basis of our liberties, but it is the Church which is the preserver of Christian belief, not our political institutions, which serve only to embody those beliefs within temporal circumstances, and are therefore subject to time. Feudalism served that purpose for a time, yet the preservation of feudalism became ultimately a source of injustice. Because we oppose secularism, we are not bound to the *status quo* as the only alternative. Because it is Christian belief that politics and economics should be practiced according to moral precepts, it does not follow that they actually are. Evils have been prevalent in the West for many years, such as are involved in colonialism; and references to humanitarianism and devotion to self-government neither solve the problems involved nor eliminate our responsibility in the totalitarian solutions. One questions the humanitarianism of Clyde and Duplex, or of the partition of Africa. Was it French humanitarianism which caused the Indo-China war? Is it humanitarianism which makes communism a problem in Italy? The first defense of our freedom is to admit the inadequacies of our institutions, and to seek a remedy.

This kind of oversimplification is used by Jerrold to illustrate other points. As an example, to prove that communism does not have the spiritual initiative in the world, Mr. Jerrold cites the fact that neither Churchill nor the Pope are communists. By the same token, the rationalists did not have the initiative in the eighteenth century, nor the Protestants in the sixteenth. There is much in Professor Toynbee's work that must be refuted, but it has not yet been done.—HUGH FALLON

**Give Integrity for Christmas!**



**ST. BRIGID OF IRELAND**  
by Alice Curtayne  
Sheed & Ward, \$2.00

If there is a single message for the modern reader in Alice Curtayne's *St. Brigid of Ireland*, it is that of the freedom of the children of God. All the

pressures, tensions and constriction of our highly industrialized society dissolve in the warmth of Brigid's humanity and spontaneous love for the poor. Against the turbulent social and political background of fifth-century Ireland, the saint moves with a serenity possible only to the perfectly simple.

The author shows herself well-versed in Irish folklore and legend and writes with a poetic quality, appropriate to her theme. Here and there one finds sudden and surprising insights. One of the most interesting passages to this reviewer was a discussion of the affinity between Celtic and Franciscan spirituality.

The book is replete with anecdotes to illustrate Brigid's hospitality. If some of these have about them a faintly apocryphal ring, that is a limitation of the subject matter and not the fault of the author. We are treading here on grounds where the fantastic appears credible; and the larger truth, more important than the supporting incident. Though the book does not pretend to be an exhaustive critical study, the writer's scholarship is evident; and nowhere does she become dogmatic about the purely conjectural.—SISTER MARY GILBERT, S.N.J.M.

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The Christian Life Calendar (Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee \$1.00) is based on the Church Year rather than the calendar year, beginning with Advent of this year. The theme of the season, notes on the feast of the day, and days of fast and abstinence are included. The format is attractive. Good, functional calendar for the Catholic home. Just be sure to order it a month earlier than you would an ordinary calendar.

Two excellent aids aimed at restoring the feast of Christmas by renewing the spirit of Advent. For the home: *Family Advent Customs* (Liturgical Press, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, 15¢). Short, readable booklet suggesting simple ways of establishing Advent customs in the home. The Advent Wreath, hymns, St. Nicholas Day party, Mary candle, Christmas tree blessing, and several other traditional practices are given briefly and practically. Good source of ideas for the busy mother of young children. For the school: Rev. Elmo L. Romagosa, 9002 Quince Street, New Orleans 18, La., has written a concise five pages on the right and the wrong of our attitudes toward Advent and Christmas, with pointed, practical suggestions for carrying out the Advent liturgy in the school room. Should be helpful to pastors, principals, and teachers.

*The Little Friends of Jesus* (by Marcelle Auclair, Regnery, \$2.00.) Grand Christmas gift for children between six and ten. Delightfully told stories of Our Lord, Our Lady, and the Apostles. No story is too long to hold the attention of the little ones, and the description will hold the attention and imagination of older children.—GRACE MCGINNISS



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